

**Spirit of the Age,**  
 WOODSTOCK, VERMONT  
 [Established 1840.]

**Subscription Rates:**

One year	\$1.00
Six months	.60
Three months	.35
Single copies	.08

Postoffice Building Telephone 15-4  
 EDWARD C. DANA,  
 Editor and Publisher

Woodstock, Vt., April 29, 1911

# **Vermont and its Railroads—An Interesting Story and an Interesting Situation.**

With the New York, New Haven & Hartford striving for a monopoly in New England and the Grand Trunk Railway of Canada fighting for an all-rail entrance into New York, a most interesting situation has developed in which Vermont figures no small part. A quick succession of moves during the past two years has brought both these railways very near their respective goals. The New Haven has made such rapid strides that it now has practically a monopoly in New England and the Grand Trunk may be much nearer its goal than would appear on the surface. The Grand Trunk now extends down as far as New London, by means of its subsidiary, the Central Vermont, and its only entrance into New York is by boat.

The facts which led to this situation date back to the end of 1908, when the New Haven combined with the Canadian Pacific to reduce their freight rates to compete with the low water-and-rail rates of the Grand Trunk. A rate war was threatened by other lines, so the alliance was broken and the rates raised. The Grand Trunk, however, refused to comply. Up to this time the Grand Trunk had used New Haven boats to form its connections between New London and New York, but now it organized its own line and took this traffic away from the New Haven.

The next move of the New Haven was to secure control of the Boston & Maine, thereby invading the territory of the Vermont Central. The Grand Trunk retaliated by seeking and obtaining a charter from the Rhode Island legislature to build a line from Palmer, Mass., to Providence. This line, if built, would break the New Haven's monopoly of Providence traffic, but so far nothing definite has been done. The New Haven then planned to free the Boston & Maine from its dependence on the Grand Trunk by building two short sections in Vermont, paralleling the present connections of the Central Vermont and then to double-track the main line throughout. This would involve the construction of a ten mile line to Brattleboro and a fourteen-mile line from Windsor to White River Junction. If carried out, it would take a large amount of traffic away from the Grand Trunk and also force it to build a fifty-mile section from Windsor to Brattleboro. The charter to build to Brattleboro could not be obtained from the Vermont legislature, so the New Haven determined to make the connection by building in New Hampshire.

Since the first of the year the New Haven has obtained joint control of the Rutland railroad with the New York Central. The Rutland taps the very heart of the Grand Trunk territory and gives the New Haven an entrance into Montreal. This is now followed up by rumored threats of the New Haven to divert its western traffic, which means millions of dollars annually, from the Grand Trunk to the Canadian Pacific.

Such is the situation as it now stands. That both roads have formidable weapons is undeniable, but will they be used for peace or war? Will the Grand Trunk sacrifice its proposed line to Providence and perhaps even its control of the Central Vermont to obtain concessions from the New Haven by which it will secure an all-rail entrance into New York over the New York, Ontario & Western? Whatever the outcome, Vermont will be the gainer, for its roads will form a link in the great through connection with the northwest, the lines will be double-tracked throughout and new extensions will be built, provided always that the legislature does not stand in the way.

Let the people of Vermont then keep an eye on its legislators. The State needs better access to the coast, and to New York, so that its resources can be reached and developed.

While taking a nap on a sofa, Ro-e Degeran, New York cook, was choked to death by a tight collar.

## **WHAT TO DO.**

Helps and Suggestions For First Aid to the Injured.

If your rich uncle writes you on your birthday, wishing you many happy returns of the day and inclosing a check for \$1 instead of for \$100, as you had expected, take your typewriting machine in hand and make him an illuminated copy of that good old hymn, "Where are the ninety and nine?" and send it to him with your loving remembrance. It may loosen his cough.

If you are a landlady and you find your star boarder getting careless in the matter of his bills and paying no attention whatsoever to various and repeated statements of account, do not dun him in loud tones in the presence of your other boarders, but wait a favorable opportunity to conceal his bill on the inside of an apple dumpling, using the same in lieu of the apple. The chances are that he will bite as soon as he gets hold of the dumpling.

If upon your arrival at the church to be married you are informed in the presence of the churchful of invited guests that the bride elect has just eloped with your best man, do not make a scene, but turn pleasantly toward the overflowing pews and, taking a strip of paper from your pocket, smilingly tear it to pieces and say, "Well, I shan't need that after all," and when the minister sympathizingly asks you if it was the ticket for your wedding tour shake your head vigorously and answer, "Oh, no; it was my ticket to Reno." When the runaway bride hears of this she will wish she had stayed and married you just for the pleasure of making your life miserable.

If you are living in an apartment house and in endeavoring to hit a cat on the back yard fence with a brick you unintentionally hit the janitor on the head do not give way to despair and fill the balance of the night with lamentations, but smile and be thankful that matters have so arranged themselves that even though unwittingly you have been the instrument of justice. Moreover, by keeping modestly quiet about the matter you may lead the janitor himself into the error of believing that it was done by somebody else.

If the old maid to whom you have proposed just for fun unexpectedly accepts you do not lose heart, but invite her to go to the opera with you, and instead of taking her in a taxi escort her there on foot, taking care to get your tickets in the last row of the top gallery. After the opera invite her to a little supper, ordering milk toast and ice water. When you call at night take a package of hard gambores with you, and on departing replace those that are left in your pocket with the remark that "we'd better save these for Sunday afternoon." A few weeks of this sort of thing will clear the way for a decided change of mind on her part, and you will be freed. —Horace Dodd Gastit in Harper's Weekly.

**A Strategist.**  
 A gentleman entered the postoffice in a small highland town and handed a packet for registered post across the counter.

"We can't take that; it's not sealed," said the young lady in charge snappishly.

"But I haven't any sealing wax," explained the gentleman. "Couldn't you seal it?"

"Certainly not," replied the girl. "It's not our business to seal packets for the general public."

"Ah, well," said the gentleman, "I'll just wire my friend that the packet won't reach him."

So he wrote his telegram and handed it to the girl. The message was, "Beautiful and charming girl in post-office here will not take packet because not sealed."

The young lady promptly said she would seal the packet. —Tit-Bits.

**A Faithful Son.**  
 "Why on earth do you continue to smoke those vile smelling two cent cigars, Bilkins?" said Harkaway.

"Surely you can afford to smoke a real Havana."

"True, Harkaway, perfectly true," returned Bilkins, with a sigh; "but, you see, when I was a boy I promised my mother that I wouldn't touch tobacco as long as I lived, old man, and I intend to keep that promise to the last." —Harper's Weekly.

**"Dancing in the Barn."**



**She Might Try.**

"Although you have refused to be my wife, don't you think you could learn to love me?"

"Well, I might. I once learned to like sphach." —Philadelphia Bulletin.

**A Swell Wedding.**

"They had several swell functions for the wedding party, I understand."

"Yes, indeed; two prizefights and a wrestling bout." —Detroit Free Press.

**Why She Wept.**

I asked her why she wept, And the truth she revealed By holding up before me An onion she had peeled. —Chicago News.

**And Bonds.**

Passenger With the Skullop—Do you take any stock in these woman suffragists?

Passenger With the Red Necktie—Yes, sir; preferred stock. I'm married to one of them. Any objections? —Chicago Tribune.

**The Modern Way.**

"I began at the bottom and worked up," said the man.

"An old fashioned method," retorted the other. "Nowadays we begin at the top and make good afterward if we can." —Detroit Free Press.

## **HOW THE STORY WAS FINISHED**

The Office Hack Gets a Start in Literature.

The editorial staff of the Pacific Magazine consisted of, first, the editor and proprietor, Edward Farnham, capitalist and litterateur; two readers and a young man named Arthur Otis, who did odd jobs in the "making up" that were not considered of sufficient importance to take up the time of the others.

One day Mr. Farnham laid a manuscript novel on Otis' desk and said: "There's a novel by Donald Fox. I want you to go over it and get it ready for the printer." Mr. Farnham usually gave his orders, to Otis especially, without comment, but today he was very much pleased and added: "We must begin that in May. I've been keeping a place for it. Anything by Fox will increase the circulation 50 per cent. It ought to. It cost 10 cents a word for the serial right alone. This is the best thing, in my judgment, he's ever done; a new departure; not a bit in his usual style."

Otis never made a reply to anything the head of the concern said. He took the manuscript and began to work upon it immediately. The next day he took it to his chief and pointed out what he considered a defect, suggesting that it be referred back to the author to be changed. Mr. Farnham scowled, examined the pages referred to and told Otis that he was not employed to tell eminent writers how to write novels.

When Otis had concluded his work he laid the manuscript on Mr. Farnham's desk and remarked:

"I see, sir, that the work is not finished."

"Mr. Fox has promised to have it all in by the required time."

"But, sir," said the clerk, as a shade of anxiety passed over his face, "don't you fear that if anything should happen to Mr. Fox?"

"Well?" said the manager in icy tones.

"Could any one else finish it?"

"No, but I'm going to take the risk."

In due time the story appeared, and its reception was far beyond what the manager had looked for. The criticisms were fine, all critics noting the new departure of the author.

One day when the story had been running six months Otis noticed a gentleman whom he was told was the celebrated Donald Fox talking with the manager. After the visitor had gone Mr. Farnham brought a package to Otis' desk.

"The closing chapters of Fox's great novel," he said.

The next morning Otis stood by his chief's desk waiting permission to speak.

"Well?" said the manager, looking up.

"Have you read these chapters of Mr. Fox's novel?" asked the under-strapper.

"No."

"They are entirely unlike the rest. The public will not believe Mr. Fox wrote them. They are very abrupt."

It was on the chief's tongue to tell his subordinate to attend to his own business, but the last words changed the impulse. Since the author was to be paid 10 cents a word for the work it would not be to his interest to close it abruptly.

"Leave it," said the chief.

For the next few days Otis sat at his desk surrounded by a cyclone. From what he overheard he judged that Fox had confessed that he had hired a literary man who had done some good work to write the story at 5 cents a word. The author had been taken ill and died when the work was about two-thirds finished. Fox had hurriedly written the last chapters himself.

As soon as he gathered this information Otis walked humbly to the chief's desk.

"Would you like, sir, Mr. Fox's novel continued in the same vein as the earlier chapters?"

"Like it? We're in the biggest hole."

He stopped short. He remembered that Otis had warned him of this very possibility.

"Was there any understanding with Mr. Fox as to the length of the story?"

Farnham looked at the young man with amusement. None of his employees had ever dared ask him about the terms of his contracts before.

"Do you know your business?"

"Yes, sir. But—"

"Well, do it, and let other people's business alone."

"I've understood that Mr. Fox was to get 10 cents a word and that he would let the work for 5 cents a word, but I don't know how long the story was to be."

"Well, sir, why should you know?"

"Because—the fact is, Mr. Farnham, I'm interested."

"Interested? You impudent!"

"Yes, sir; peculiarly interested. You see, Mr. Farnham, Mr. Fox got 10 cents a word and sublet it to Andy Nichols at 5 cents. Nichols sublet it to me at 2 cents a word. That's pretty poor pay, you know, but if I'm to be permitted to string it out I can make a good thing after all."

There was a dead silence in the editorial rooms for thirty seconds. Then the chief said:

"Run it to suit yourself at 10 cents a word."

And that's how Arthur Otis got his start in literature.

**The Largest Canal.**

The Imperial Canal of China is the largest canal in the world. It is over 1,000 miles in length.

**Undoubtedly True.**

"Anyway," said the man who was getting the worst of the argument, "there's one thing no woman has ever done and probably never will do."

"What is that?" queried the fair suffragette.

"Spill anything through silence," answered the mere man as he hurried away. —Chicago News.

## **PETITION FOR DIVORCE.**

STATE OF VERMONT. Whereas, Windsor County, ss. Etta Matava of Cavendish, Vt., has duly filed her petition to the County Court, setting forth her legal marriage to Guy E. Matava, then of said Cavendish, in the State of Vermont, that she hath resided for ten years in the County of Windsor, that she hath kept the marriage covenant, but that the said Guy hath violated the same, for that he hath treated the petitioner with intolerable severity, and hath wilfully deserted the petitioner for three consecutive years last past; wherefore the petitioner prays for a bill of divorce from the said Guy E. Matava and that she may have the care and custody of her minor child during his minority.

And whereas it appears that said Guy is without this State, so that the summons of said Court may not be served upon him:

It is Thereupon Ordered that the said Guy E. Matava be notified and required to appear in and before said Court and make answer, if any he have, and abide the order and judgment of said Court in the premises, at the term thereof next to be held at Woodstock in and for the County of Windsor in the State of Vermont, on the first Tuesday of June, A. D. 1911, upon the first day of said term, by publishing the substance of said petition together with this order, for three successive weeks, in the Spirit of the Age, a newspaper published at Woodstock in said County, the last publication to be at least six weeks prior to said term of Court, which shall be deemed sufficient notice to said Guy E. Matava.

Given under my hand, at Woodstock, in the County of Windsor, this 6th day of April, A. D. 1911.

JAY READ PEMBER, Clerk.  
 Sanford E. Emerson,  
 Attorney for Petitioner.

**OVER 65 YEARS EXPERIENCE**

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## **THE NEW ALADDINISM.**

"New lamps for old!" the wizard cried, And who should hear but Aladdin's bride?

"How nice!" she thought, so the story goes.

"We have one old enough, goodness knows!"

"That lamp of Aladdin's is bent and mean, Rusty and dirty, unfit to be seen."

"I'll swap," she said, "while hubby's not here. I'll never have another such chance; that's clear."

So she traded the old for a lamp brand new. And so is the sequel—sad, but true.

The lamp she got, though showy and bright, Wasn't worth two shucks as a magic light.

The lamp she traded, so mean and old, Was worth, as you know, its weight in gold.

And Aladdin, poor cuss, had an awful search Before he landed it back on its perch.

"New lamps for old!" is the cry today, But before they carry your old away Remember the lamps. That's all I say.

—Puck.

## **An Unkind Cut.**



The headman has an ax, we know; The guillotine has an ax and frame; The ax has no ax at all.

But, then, it gets there just the same.

**Very Steady.**

A dear old lady who was lately staying near Dartmoor was very much exercised in her mind as to the physical and spiritual health of the convicts confined in the prison.

Meeting a squad one day, she asked the warden in charge if she might present them with some delicacies she had with her and a few tracts.

The warden, as was his duty, replied in the negative. Then she pleaded to be allowed to speak one word of admonition and comfort.

"No, ma'am," said the warden. "It is against the regulations."

"Oh, dear, dear!" sighed the old lady; "but, tell me, do you think they are all converted?"

"Well, ma'am, I shouldn't take upon myself to say that," he answered. Then, seeing her distressed face, he added, "But there's one thing I will say for them—they're all teetotalers and nonsmokers."

And the old lady departed much comforted. —Tit-Bits.

**Too Harsh With Him.**

Along a country road walked a man and woman. The latter, a gaunt, stooped female, was bullying the meek little fellow who trudged just in front of her with downcast head.

Suddenly the woman, turning, saw a bull racing down the road behind them. She quickly took refuge in the hedge, but her companion, unconscious of sight but with his woe, kept on his way.

The bull caught up to him and sent him spinning into a muddy ditch, then continued on its wild career. As the woebegone figure crawled out of the mire he saw his better half coming toward him. Picking up a little spirit he whimpered:

"M-m Maria, if you hit me like that a-a-g-gain you'll really get my temper up, so I warn you." —Ideas.

**Adamant.**

"There are a lot of girls who don't ever intend to get married."

"How do you know?"

"I've proposed to several." —Cleveland Leader.

**The Humorist's Friend.**

"What is the object of the Press Humorists' association?"

"To erect a monument to Maud Muller, I believe." —Louisville Courier-Journal.

# **THE SPIRIT OF THE AGE**

SEVENTIETH YEAR

## **Clubbing List**

Any one of the periodicals in the following list will be sent with THE AGE for one year for the sum noted after each.

Mirror and Farmer	\$ 1.55
Boston Post, daily	3.55
New England Homestead	1.80
Boston Evening Record	3.00
Delineator and Everybody's Magazine or Woman's Home Companion	2.90
Boston Journal, daily	3.55
Boston Herald, daily	3.75
Recreation	2.50
St. Nicholas	3.50
Outlook	3.75
New York Thrice-a-Week World	1.65
New York Tribune Farmer	1.50

## **ONE DOLLAR A YEAR**

The Age gives all the local news of the County and State.

It has opinions; it is well written, interesting, and is widely read.

It has excellent miscellany, good stories. You will find it a welcome visitor in your home 52 times a year.

**The Spirit of the Age**

WOODSTOCK, VERMONT

**The Tribune Farmer**

Is the best Agricultural paper. It comes every week. For \$1.50 we send THE AGE and Tribune Farmer for one year.

**THE AGE**

WOODSTOCK, VERMONT

**ELM TREE PRESS**

FINE PUBLICATIONS

**PETITION FOR DIVORCE.**

STATE OF VERMONT. Whereas, Peter Windsor County, ss. La Bombard of Hartland, Vt., has duly filed his petition to the County Court, setting forth his legal marriage to Agnes Baymen, then of said Cavendish, in the State of Vermont, that he hath resided for three years in the County of Windsor, that he hath kept the marriage covenant, but that the said Agnes hath violated the same, for that she hath treated the petitioner with intolerable severity and hath wilfully deserted the petitioner for three consecutive years last past; wherefore the petitioner prays for a bill of divorce from the said Agnes La Bombard.

And whereas it appears that said Agnes is without this State, so that the summons of said Court may not be served upon her:

It is Thereupon Ordered that the said Agnes La Bombard be notified and required to appear in and before said Court and make answer, if any she have, and abide the order and judgment of said Court in the premises, at the term thereof next to be held at Woodstock in and for the County of Windsor in the State of Vermont, on the first Tuesday of June, A. D. 1911, upon the first day of said term, by publishing the substance of said petition together with this order, for three successive weeks, in the Spirit of the Age, a newspaper published at Woodstock in said County, the last publication to be at least six weeks prior to said term of Court, which shall be deemed sufficient notice to said Agnes La Bombard.

Given under my hand, at Woodstock, in the County of Windsor, this 6th day of April, A. D. 1911.

Jay Read Pember, Clerk.

E. R. Buck, Atty. for Petitioner.

**Veiled Warning.**

Ardent Lover—Sir, I came to ask you to give me your daughter's hand.

Fond Papa—With pleasure. If you are looking for it you will find it generally in my pocket.—Baltimore American.

**How Rumors Start.**

"What's this about sewing your unfortunate wives in sacks?"

"Nothing to it," replied the sultan emphatically. "I did get 'em some hobbie skirts." —Pittsburg Post.

**When Women Rule.**

"That lady judge has decided against us."

"That's all right," said the feminine attorney. "I know her. By tomorrow she'll change her mind." —Kansas City Journal.

**A true record, Attest**

T. O. Seaver, Judge.

**A true copy of record, Attest**

T. O. Seaver, Judge.

**Estate of Louis DeLuca.**

STATE OF VERMONT. At a Probate Court, ss. At a Probate Court held at Woodstock, in said District, on the 25th day of March, A. D. 1911.

Present, Thomas O. Seaver, Judge.

In the matter of the estate of Louis DeLuca, late of Bridgewater in said District, deceased, intestate.

Whereas, John Nutting, administrator of said estate, proposes rendering an account of his administration of said estate and presenting his account against the same for examination and allowance, at a session of said Court to be held at the Probate Office in said Woodstock, on the 18th day of April, A. D. 1911, at ten o'clock in the forenoon.

And whereas said Court has assigned and ordered said time and place for the settlement of said account, and for issuing a decree of the residue of said estate to the persons entitled to the same; and has ordered that public notice thereof be given to all persons interested in said estate by publishing a copy of the record of this order three weeks successively in the Spirit of the Age, a newspaper published at Woodstock in said District, the last of said publications to be previous to said 28th day of April, A. D. 1911.